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He has some serious writing about that George Sand and, generally, you may discover in the volume a decided vein of the philosopher who has made a healthy nature and a keen wit the groundwork of these studies for Vanity Fair, and his more elaborate pictures of the world in action. Thackeray, planting himself on the firm, common-sense ground of principle, enters upon a withering analysis of Madame George Sand's infidel book "Spiridion," which he serves up in huge slices of native absurdity and monstrosity, with a plentiful sauce piquante of his own biting satire. It is, after all, the best way to treat it—as the few years since 1840 have abundantly demonstrated. So what has Madame gained in position, or the weak youths her admirers, who left off the collar of Lord Byron to assume the petticoat of "Mrs. Dudevant?" This is Thackeray's mode of testing and her admirers. testing such a reformer. It is demonstrative as Sidney Smith's celebrated finger and thumb application to certain vermin, who "must be caught, killed and cracked in the manner, and by the instruments which are found most efficacious to their destruc-

A NUT FOR GEORGE SAND AND SOCIAL REFORMERS.

"But if one wants to have a question of this" [George Sand's discussion of marriage], "or any nature, honestly argued, it is better, surely, to apply to an indifferent person for an umpire. For instance, the stealing of pocket-handkerchiefs or snuff-boxes, may, or may not, be vicious; but if we, who have not the wit, or will not take the trouble to decide the question ourselves, want to hear the real rights of the matter, we should not, surely, apply to a pickpocket to know what he thought on the point. It might naturally be presumed that he would be rather a prejudiced person—particularly as his reasoning, if successful, might get him out of gaol. This is a homely illustration, no doubt: all we would urge by it, is, that Madame Sand having, according to the French newspapers, had a stern husband; and also having, according to the newspapers, sought 'sympathy' elsewhere, her arguments may be considered to be somewhat partial, and received with some little caution.

"And tell us who have been the social reformers?—the haters, that is, of the present system, according to which we live, love, marry, have children, educate them, and endow them—are they pure themselves? I do believe not one; and directly a man begins to quarrel with the world and its ways, and to lift up, as he calls it, the voice of his despair, and preach passionately to mankind about this tyranny of faith, customs, laws; if we examine what the personal character of the preacher is, we begin pretty clearly to understand the value of the doctrine. Anyone can see why Rouseau should be such a whimpering reformer, and Byron such a free and easy misanthropist, and why our accomplished Madame Sand, who has a genius and eloquence inferior to neither, should take the present condition of mankind (French-kind) so much to heart, and labor so hotly to set it right."

Nor is this less allowable, after we have waded through the choice passages of Spiri-

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"And this is the ultimatum, the supreme secret, the absolute truth, and it has been published by Mrs. Sand, for so many Napoleons per sheet, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes;' and the Deux Mondes are to abide by it for the future. After having attained it, are we a whit wiser! 'Man is between an angel and a beast: I don't know how long it is since he was a brute—I can't say how long it will be before he is an angel.' Think of people living by their wits, and living by such a wit as this! Think of the state of mental debauch and disease which must have been passed through, ere such words could be written, and could be

"When a man leaves our dismal, smoky, London atmosphere, and breathes, instead of coal-smoke and yellow fog, this bright, clear, French air, he is quite intoxicated by it at first, and feels a glow in his blood, and a joy in his spirits, which scarcely thrice a year, and then only at a distance from London, he can attain in England. Is the intoxication, I wonder, permanent among the natives? and may

we not account for the ten thousand frantic we not account for the ten thousand trantic freaks of these people by the peculiar influ-ence of French air and sun? The philoso-phers are from night to morning drunk, the politicians are drunk, the literary men reel and stagger from one absurdity to another, and how shall we understand their vagaries? Let us suppose, charitably, that Madame Sand had inhaled a more than ordinary quantity of this laughing gas when she wrote for us this precious manuscript of 'Spiridion.' That great destinies are in prospect for the human race, we may fancy, without her ladyship's word for it: but, more liberal than she, and having a little retrospective charity, as well as that easy prospective benovolence which Mrs. Sand adopts, let us try and think there is some hope for our fathers (who were nearer brutality than ourselves, according to the Sandean creed), or else there is a very poor chance for us, who, great philosophers as we are, are yet, alas! far removed from that angelic consummation which all must wish for so devoutly. She cannot say—is it not extraordinary?—how many centuries have been necessary before man could pass from the brutal state to his present condition, or how many ages will be required ere we may pass from the state of man to the state of angel! What the deuce is the use of chronology or philosophy? We were beasts, and we can't tell when our tails dropped off: we shall be angels; but when our wings are to begin to sprout, who knows? In the meantime, O man of genius, follow our counsel: lead an easy life, don't stick at trifles; never mind about duty, it is only made for slaves; if the world reproach you, reproach the world in return, you have a good loud tongue in your head; if your strait-laced morals injure your mental respiration, fling off the old-fashioned stays, and leave your free limbs to rise and fall as Nature pleases; and when you have grown pretty sick of your and yet unfit to return to restraint, liberty, and yet unnt to return to resum, curse the world, and scorn it, and be miserable, like my Lord Byron and other philosophers of his kidney; or else mount a step higher, and, with conceit still more worstchedly deand mental vision still more wretchedly debauched and weak, begin suddenly to find yourself afflicted with a maudlin compassion for the human race, and a desire to set them right after your own fashion. There is the quarrelsome stage of drunkenness, when a man can as yet walk and speak, when he can call names, and fling plates and wine-glasses at his neighbor's head with a pretty good aim; after this comes the pathetic stage, when the patient becomes wondrous philanthropic, and weeps wildly, as he lies in the gutter, and fancies he is at home in bed—where he ought to be: but this is an allegory."

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^{*}The Paris Sketch-Book. By William M. Thackeray. 2 vols. Appleton & Co.'s Popular Library of the Best

from Major British's own peculiar recommen-

"There is no better guide to follow than such a character as the honest Major, of whom there are many likenesses senttered over the there are many likenesses sentered over the continent of Europe; men who love to live well, and are forced to live cheaply, and who find the English, abroad, a thousand times casier, merrier, and more hospitable than the same persons at home. I, for my part, never landed on Calais pier, without feeling that a load of sorrows was left on the other side of the water; and have always fancied that black eare stepped on board the steamer, along with the custom-house officers, at Gravesend, and accompanied one to yonder black louring towers of London—so busy, so dismal, and so

"British would have cut any foreigner's throat, who ventured to say so much, but entertained, no doubt, private sentiments of this nature; for he passed eight months of the year regularly, abroad, with head-quarters at Paris (the garrets before alluded to), and only went to England for the month's shooting, on the grounds of his old Colonel, now an old Lord, of whose acquaintance the Major was passably inclined to boast.

"He loved and respected, like a good stanneh Tory as he is, every one of the English nobility; gave himself certain little airs of a man of fashion, that were by no means disagreeable; and was, indeed, kindly regarded by such English aristocracy as he met, in his little annual tours among the German courts, in Italy or in Paris, where he never missed an Ambassador's night, and retailed to us, who don't go, but were delighted to know all that had taken place, accurate accounts of the dishes, the dresses, and the scandal which had there fallen under his observation.

"He is, moreover, one of the most useful persons in society that can possibly be; for, besides being incorrigibly duelsome on his own account, he is, for others, the most acute and peaceable counsellor in the world, and has carried more friends through scrapes, and prevented more deaths than any member of the Humme Society. British never bought a single step in the army, as is well known. In '14, he killed a celebrated French fire-enter, who had slain a young friend of his; and living, as he does, a great deal with young men of pleasure, and good, old, sober, family peo-ple, he is loved by them both, and has as welcome place made for him at a roaring bachelor's supper, at the Cafe Anglais, as at a staid Dowager's dinner-table, in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Such pleasant old boys are very profitable acquaintances, let me tell you; and lucky is the young man who has one or two such friends in his list."

The scene which follows is capital in the cool matter-of-fact way of the Major, and his rebuke to the snob Pogson:

"'Major British,' said I, 'we want your advice in regard to an unpleasant affair, which has just occurred to my friend Pogson.'
"'Pogson, take a chair.'

"'You must know, sir, that Mr. Pogson, coming from Calais, the other day, encountered,

onthing from calling, the other day, showing, in the Diligence, a very handsome woman."

"British winked at Pogeou, who, wretched as he was, could not help feeling pleased."

"Mr. Pogson was not more pleased with

this lovely creature than she was with him; for, it appears, she gave him her card, invited him to her house, where he has been constantly, and has been received with much kindness.

"'I see,' says British.

"'Her husband, the Baron-"'Now it's coming,' said the Major, with a grin: 'her husband is jealous, I suppose, and there is a talk of the Bois de Boulogne: my dear sir, you can't refuse—can't refuse.' "'It's not that,' said Pogson, wagging his

head passionately.

"Her husband, the Baron, seemed quite as much taken with Pogson as his lady was, and has introduced him to some very distinguist friends of his own set. Last night one of the Baron's friends gave a party, in honor of my friend Pogson, who lost forty-eight pounds at cards before he was made drunk, and heaven knows how much after.'

"'Not a shilling, by sacred heaven!—not a shilling!' yelled out Pogson. 'After the supper I ad such an cadach, I couldn't do any thing but fall asleep on the sofa.'

You 'ad such an eadach, sir,' said British, sternly, who piques himself on his grammar and pronunciation, and scorns a cockney.

Such a h-eadach, sir,' replied Pogson, with much meckness.

The unfortunate man is brought home at two o'clock, as tipsy as possible, dragged up stairs, senseless, to bed, and, on waking, re-

ceives a visit from his entertainer of the night ceives a visit from his entertainer of the night before—a Lord's son, Major, a tip-top fellow, —who brings a couple of bills that my friend Pogson is said to have signed.'

"'Well, my dear fellow,—the thing's quite simple,—he must pay them.'

"'I can't pay them.'

"'He can't pay them,' said we both, in a breath.' Pogson is a commercial traveller.

"He can't pay them,' said we both, in a breath: 'Pogson is a commercial traveller, with thirty shillings a week, and how the deuce is he to pay five hundred pounds?'

"'A bagman, sir! and what right has a bagman to gamble? Gentlemen gamble, sir; tradesmen, sir, have no business with the amusements of the gentry. What business had you with Barons and Lords' sons, sir!—serre your right sir!

serve your right, sir.'

"Sir,' says Pogson, with some dignity,
'merit and not birth is the criterion of a man; I despise an hereditary aristocracy, and admire only Nature's gentlemen. For my part, I think that a British mereh—'

"'Hold your tongue, sir,' bounced out the Major, 'and don't lecture me; don't come to me, sir, with your slang about Nature's gentlemen—Nature's Tom-fools, sir! Did nature open a cash account for you at a banker's, sir! Did Nature give you an education, sir! What do Nature give you an education, sir? What do you mean by competing with people to whom Nature has given all these things? Stick to your bags, Mr. Pogson, and your bagmen, and leave Barons and their like to their own

There are scores of such truth-telling scenes and intimations in these volumes, and one paper, the Meditations on Versailles, stripping human Vanity herself of all pretensions in a plucked figure of the Grand Monarque—a paper which includes the es-sence of Carlyle's History of the French Revolution:

"Did ever the sun shine upon such a king before, in such a palace!—or, rather, did such a king ever shine upon the sun! When Majesty came out of his chamber, in the midst of his superhuman splendors; viz., in his cinnamon-colored coat, embroidered with diamonds; mon-colored coat, embroidered with diamonds; his pyramid of a wig; his red-heeled shoes, that lifted him four mehes from the ground, 'that he scarcely seemed to touch;' when he came out, blazing upon the dukes and duchesses that waited his rising,—what could the latter do but cover their eyes, and wink, and tremble!—And did he not himself believe, as he stood there, on his high heels, under his ambrosial periwig, that there was something in him more than man—something above Fate!

This, doubtless, was he fain to believe; and if, on very fine days, from his terrace, before his gloomy palace of St. Germains, he could catch a glimpse, in the distance, of a certain

white spire of St. Denis, where his race lay buried, he would say to his courtiers, with a sublime condescension, 'Gentlemen, you must remember, that I, too, am mortal.' Surely the lords in waiting could hardly think him serious, and vowed that His Majesty always have a surely always and the surely surely always that the surely surely always and the surely leved a joke. However, mortal or not, the sight of that sharp spire wounded His Majesty's eyes; and is said, by the legend, to have eaused the building of the palace of Babel-Versailles.

"I have often liked to think about this strange character in the world, who moved in it, bearing about a full belief in his own infal-libility; teaching his generals the art of war, his ministers the science of Government, his his ministers the science of Government, his wits taste, his courtiers dress; ordering deserts to become gardens, turning villages into palaces, at a breath; and, indeed, the august figure of the man, as he towers upon his throne, cannot fail to inspire one with respect and awe:—how grand those flowing locks appear; how awful that sceptre; how magnificent those flowing robes! In Louis, surely, if in any one, the majesty of kinghood is represented. sented

"But a king is not every inch a king, for all the poet may say; and it is curious to see how much precise majesty there is in that majestic figure of Ludovieus Rex. In the plate opposite, we have endeavored to make the exact calculation. The idea of kingly dignity is equally strong in the two outer-figures; and you see, at once, that majesty is made out of the wig, the high-heeled shoes and cloak, all fleurs-de-lis bespangled. As for the little, lean, shrivelled, paunchy old man, of five feet two, in a jacket and breeches, there is no majesty in him, at any rate; and yet he has just stept out of that very suit of clothes. Put the wig and shoes on him, and he is six feet high;—the other fripperies, and he stands before you ma-jestie, imperial, and heroie! Thus do barbers and cobblers make the gods that we worship: for do we not all worship him? Yes; though we all know him to be stupid, heartless, short, of doubtful personal courage, worship and admire him we must; and have set up in our hearts a grand image of him, endowed with wit, magnanimity, valor, and enormous heroi-

The engraving alluded to is a picture of three characters, Rex, Ludovicus, Ludovicus Rex: the wig, garments, sword and star of majesty on a wooden stock; the king as an ordinary tailor would leave him-a poor creature and the grand external of majesty. We think of the best literal play upon a word ever made. What is majesty stripped of its externals? A jest.

MADELEINE.*

This story is occupied with the career of a young peasant girl of the South of France, who thrown upon her own resources in early life, voluntarily abandoned a betrothed lover on finding that his sympathies are more passionately excited elsewhere, and devotes herself to a life of self-denial and benevolence. She becomes a very angel of beneficence to the entire district, and almost with her own unaided exertions by the profits of her hard labor builds a hospital on Mont Saint Jean, a celebrated and commanding locality of the district. Other characters of a less elevated stamp are brought in contrast with her, among others a well meaning but inert priest and a consequential maire are well hit off. The style is very simple and refined, with something of a French air. We give as a

^{*} Madeleine : a Tale of Anvergne, founded on Fat. By Julia Kavanagh. D. Appleton & Co.

specimen the scene at the opening of the hospital-the word in its present application bearing its old meaning, as a shelter for the infirm and needy as well as the sick:—

"M Dubois, who was present in his official capacity, in order to do Madeleine more honor, now felt extremely anxieus to knew what was to be the order of the procession.

"For you see, Madeleine,' he observed, every eye will be upon us to-day; I verily believe that all the inhabitants of Mont-Saintbelieve that all the transfer of the I Jean will be present; and as I entered here I saw seme fellews from Puysaye, who had wome to see the sight, I suppose. We must

saw seme fellews from Puysaye, who had come to see the sight, I suppose. We must show them what we can do, Madeleine."

"'Nay, sir, what can be done, and what will they see?' replied Madeleine, with a smile, 'a cart of furniture, and a few old people, removing from one house to another.'

"'Ay, to be sure,' said Jean Renaud, who had lately shown signs of jambordination.

had lately shown signs of insubordination, what will they see?"

"'Hold your tongue, Mr. Adjoint,' wrathfully observed M. Dubois, who felt rather offended that Madeleine should not have considered him likely to excite attention and interest. 'Madeleine,' he continued, in a lofty tone, 'I must beg to differ from you on this point; however unimportant the procession may be in itself, yet, when it is invested with an official character, it becomes the object of serious consideration, especially when the whole world is as it were looking on. I believe M. Biguon is of my opinion,' he added, with a ceremonious bow in the direction of the curk, who, thus roused from a deep revery, into which the recollection of his departed friend had thrown him, replied, with a startled look, "'Oh! yes, of course.'

"Madeleine, in the mean while, was arranging the order of the procession according to her 'Madeleine,' he continued, in a lofty

ing the order of the procession according to her own fashion; to M. Dubois's indignant astonishment the cart went first, then came the little body of the future inmates of the hos-pital; those who were too sick or infirm to walk being carried on rude litters; Madeleine walked at their head, with M. Bignen on her right hand and the mayor and his adjoint on her left; Marie Michon and Lise brought up the rear. As soon as they left the house and appeared in the street, a low murmur ran through the crowd, which had gathered around the house, though not so near as to impede the progress of the kittle caravan.

progress of the little caravan.

"'Ay, there she goes! that is Madeleine, with the gray cloak!" was the exclamation to which several persons gave utterance, for, as M. Dubois had truly observed, there were many individuals of the neighboring villages present. Madeleine was at first startled by the appearance of so large a crowd, but the looks of affection and heartfelt respect which she met on every side soon made her resume her usual screnity. On a sign from her the her usual screnity. On a sign from her the man who was to lead the cart urged his horse forward, and the whole procession, as M. Dubois styled it, began to move, followed by the crowd. The mayor, who, whether by ac-cident or design, always preceded his compan-ions, naturally considered his majestic person and tri-color searf as the chief points of attraction; was he not indeed the representative of government on this solemn occasion! He would have been somewhat mortified had he known that Madeleine was the only individual who excited real interest.

. "When they were within about twenty yards of the house, Madeleine stepped forward, yards of the house, and eleme scepped for war, and, taking the lead, advanced to open the loor, for she had so arranged matters that all the members of her family might find accomnodation for the present without being dis-tarbed by the removal of the furniture. When she stood on the threshold of her new

abode, Madeleine paused, with deep emotion, and, as she raised her glance to heaven, and clasped her hands fervently, she repeated in a

lew tene the words of Simeon:

"Now mayst thou dismiss thy servant, O
Lord, according to thy word, in peace; because mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people."

CLARET AND OLIVES.*

Angus B. REACH, the author of this pleasant volume of description of scenes in the Southwest of France, is a Scotchman by birth and a London cockney by education; the energy of the former having led him to go about the world and acquire information, while the latter has furnished him with a ready and effective vocabulary to put his acquisitions in print. Mr. Reach travelled in France a year or so ago, as a kind of special correspondent or more privileged "commissioner," to write up the agricultural districts for a series of papers in the Morning Chrofor a series of papers in the Morning Chro-nicle; his itinerary and statistics were duly incorporated in the imposing columns of that journal, while the present book gives us the gossip of the roadside, the village inn, the historical reminiscence, and a lively account of the harvestings of the grape and the olive. Bordeaux is his starting place and a glance at the antiquities of Nismes supplies his parting reflections—the reflections of a man who does not always stop to polish his language, but who generally travels in company with good humor and good sense.

His account of the vineyards of Bordeaux is agreeable reading. He even contrives to work up a bit of dramatic romance, a touch of the minor theatre, in the fermentation of

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

"The vats sufficiently full, the fermentation is allowed to commence. In the great cellars in which the juice is stored, the listener at the door-he cannot brave the carbonic acid gas to enter further—may hear, solemnly echo-ing in the cool shade of the great darkened hall, the bubblings and seethings of the working liquid—the inarticulate accents and indistinct rumblings which proclaim that a great metempsychosis is taking place—that a natural substance is rising higher in the eternal scale of things, and that the contents of these great giants of vats are becoming changed from floods of mere mawkish, sweetish fluid to noble wine—to a liquid honored and esteemed in all ages—to a medicine exercising a strange and potent effect upon body and soul—great for good and evil. Is there not something fanciful and poetic in the notion of this change taking place mysteriously in the darkness, when all the doors are locked and barred—for the atmosphere about the vats is death-as if Nature would suffer no idle prying into her mystic operations, and as if the grand transmutation and projection from juice to wine had in it something of a secret, and solemn, and awful nature—fenced round, as it were, and protect-ed from vulgar curiosity by the invisible halo of stifling gas! I saw the vats in the Chateau Margaux cellars the day after the grape-juice had been flung in. Fermentation had not as yet properly commenced, so access to the place was possible; still, however, there was a strong vinous smell loading the atmosphere, sharp and subtle in its influence on the nostrils; while, putting my ear, on the recom-mendation of my conductor, to the vate, I heard, deep down, perhaps eight feet down in the juice, a seething, gushing sound, as if our-

* Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone; or, Notes Social, Picturesque, and Legendary, by the way. By Angus B. Reach. Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library.

rents and eddies were beginning to flow, in obedience to the influence of the working Spirit, and now and then a hiss and a low bubbling throb, as though of a pot about to boil. Within twenty-four hours, the cellar would be unapproachable."

There is a moral, reader, in the labels of your choicer clarets:-

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

"As you traverse the high read from Bordeaux to Pauillac, some one will probably point out to you a dozen tiny sugar-loaf turrets, each surmounted by a long lightningconductor, rising from a group of moble trees. This is the chateau St. Jullien. A little on, on the right side of the way, rises, from the tiny hill overlooking the Gironde, a new build-ing, with all the old crinkum-crankum ornaments of the ancient fifteenth century countryhouse. That is the chateau Latour. Presently you observe that the entrance to a wide expanse of vines, covering a series of hills and dales, tumbling down to the water's edge, is marked by a sort of triumphal arch or ornamented gate, adorned with a lion couchant, and a legend, setting forth that the vines beand a legend, setting forth that the vines behind produced the noted wine of Leoville. The chateau Lafitte rises amid stately groves of eak and walnut trees, from amid the terraced walks of an Italian garden—its white spreading wings gleaming through the trees, and its round-roofed, slated towers rising above them. One chateau, the most noted of all, remains. Passing along a narrow, sandy road, amid a waste of scrubby-looking bushes, you has beneath the branches of a clump of you pass beneath the branches of a clump of noble oaks and elms, and perceive a great white structure glimmering gairishly before you. Take such a country house as you may still find in your grandmothers' samplers, deco-rated with a due allowance of doors and windows—clap before it a misplaced Grecian portico, whitewash the whole to a state of the most glaring and dazzling brightness, carefully close all outside shutters, painted white like-wise—and you have chateau Margaux rising before you like a wan, ghastly spectre of a house, amid stately terraced gardens, and trimmed, clipped, and tortured trees. But, as I have already insisted, nothing, in any land of vines, must be judged by appearances. The first time I saw at a distance Johannesberg, rising from its grape-clustered domains, I thought it looked very much like a union workhouse, erected in the midst of a field of potatoes."

At Agen, on the Garonne, as all the world knows, lives Jasmin the Barber, who published his poems-an anticipation of the destiny of a great many poems—with the title Curl-Papers. He is a great man and enjoys distinction-as every rightly-constituted barber is bound, by the very profession—to enjoy whatever comes in his way. Jasmin bears his honors wisely if not meekly. He enlightens the world by his troubadour strains, and shaves the population of Agen, giving away francs by the thousand, the profit of his ovations, and closing his oily palm upon sous by the half dozen.

THE BARBER POET JASMIN.

"Jasmin as may be imagined, is well known in Agen. I was speedily directed to his abode, near the open Place of the town, and within earshot of the rush of the Garonne; and in a few moments I found myself pausing before the lintel of the modest shop inscribed, Jasmin, Perrunder, Confering de image Con-Perruquier, Coiffeur de jeunes Gena. A little brass basin dangled above the threshold; and looking through the glass, I saw the master of the establishment shaving a fat faced neighbor, Now, I had come to see and pay my compliments to a poet; and there did appear to me to be something strangely awkward and irresistibly ludicrous in having to address, to some exteat in a literary and complimentary vein, an individual actually engaged in so excessively presaic and unelevated a species of performance. I retreated, uncertain what to do, and waited outside until the shop was clear.

"Jasmin is a well built and strongly limbed man, of about fifty, with a large, massive head, and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercingly bright black eyes, and features which would be heavy were they allowed a repose from the continual play of the facial muscles, which were continually sending a series of varying expressions across the swarthy visage. Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing which struck me was the utter absence of the mock-modesty, and the pretended self-underrating, conventionally assumed by persons expecting to be complimented upon their sayings or doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to despise all such flimsy hypoerisy. 'God only made four Frenchmen poets!' he burst out with; 'and their names are Corneille, Lafontaine, Beranger, and Jasmin!'

"In the little back drawing-room behind the shop, to which the poet speedily introduced me, his sister, a meck, smiling woman, whose eyes never left her brother, following him as he moved with a beautiful expression of love and pride in his glory, received me with simple cordiality. The walls were covered with testimonials, presentations, and trophies, awarded by cities and distinguished persons, literary and political, to the modern Troubadour. Not a few of these are of a nature to make any man most legitimately proud. Jasmin possesses gold and silver vases, laurel branches, snuff-boxes, medals of honor, and a whole museum of similar gifts, inscribed with such characteristic and laconic legends as—'Au Poète, les jeunes filles de Toulouse reconnaiss antes—.' The number of garlands of immortelles, wreaths of ivy-jasmin (punning upon the name), laurel, and so forth, utterly astonished me. Jasmin preserved a perfect shrubbery of such tokens; and each symbol had, of course, its pleasant associative remembrance. One was given by the ladies of such a town; another was the gift of the prefect's wife of such a department. A handsome full-length portrait had been presented to the poet by the minicipal authorities of Agen; and a letter from M. Lamartine, framed, above the chimneypiece, avowed the writer's belief that the Troubadour of the Garonne was the Homer of the modern world. M. Jasmin wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and has several valuable presents which were made to him by the late ex-king, and different members of the Orleans family.

"His songs are in the mouths of all who sing in the fields and by the cottage firesides. Their subjects are always rural, naive, and full of rustic pathos and rustic drollery. To use his words to me, he sings what the hearts of the people say, and he can no more help it than can the birds in the trees, Translations into French of his main poems have appeared; and compositions more full of natural and thoroughly unsophisticated pathos and humor it would be difficult to find. Jasmin writes from a teeming brain and a beaming heart; and there is a warmth and a glow, and a strong, happy, triumphant march of song about his poems, which carry you away in the perusal as they carried away the author in the writing. I speak of course from the French translations, and I can well conceive that they give but a comparatively faint transcript of the rith and power of the original. The patois in

which these poems are written is the common peasant language of the southwest. It varies in some slight degree in different districts, but not more than the broad Scotch of Forfarshire differs from that of Ayrshire. As for the dialect itself, it seems in the main to be a species of crose between old French and Spanish—holding, however, I am assured, rather to the latter tongue than the former, and constituting a bold, copious, and vigorous speech, very rich in its coloring, full of quaint words and expressive phrases, and especially strong in all that relates to the language of the passions and affections.

"I hardly know how long my interview with Jasmin might have lasted, for he seemed by no means likely to tire of talking, and his talk was too good and too curious not to be listened to with interest; but the sister, who had left us for a moment, coming back with the intelligence that there was quite a gathering of customers in the shop, I hastily took my leave, the poet squeezing my hand like a vice, and immediately thereafter dashing into all that appertains to curling-irons, scissors, razors, and lather, with just as much apparent energy and enthusiasm as he flung into his rhapsodical discourse on poetry and language."

With a word for Mr. Reach's impressions of the second course of his taking title, we thank Mr. Putnam for this welcome alleviation of a fourth day's Easterly storm:—

THE OLIVE TREE.

"I was miserably disappointed with the olive. It is one of the romantic trees, full of associa-tion. It is a biblical tree, and one of the most favored of the old eastern emblems. But what claim has it to beauty! The trunk, a weazened, sapless-looking piece of timber, the branches spreading out from it like the top of a mushroom, and the color, when you can see it for dust, a cold, sombre, greyish green. One olive is as like another as one mopstick is like another. The tree has no picturesqueness—no variety. It is not high enough to be grand, and not irregular enough to be graceful. Put it beside the birch, the beech, the elm, or the oak, and you will see the poetry of the forest and its poorest and most meagre prose. So also, to a great extent, of the mulberry. I had a vague sort of respect for the latter because one of the Champions of Christendom St. James of Spain, I think-delivered out of the trunk of a mulberry an enchanted prin-cess; but the enforced lodgings of the captive form just as shabby and priggish-looking a tree as the olive. The general shape—that of a mop—is the same, and a mutual want of variety and picturesqueness, afflict, with the curse of hopeless ugliness, both silk and oiltrees. The fig, in another way, is just as bad. It is a sneaking tree, which appears as if it were growing on the sly, while its soft, buttery-looking branches—bending and twisting, swollen and unwholesome-looking—put you somehow in mind of diseased limbs, which the quack doctors call 'bad lega' In fact, it seems as if the climate and soil of Provence and Languedoc were utterly unfavorable to the production of forest scenery. One of our noble clumps of oak, beech, birch, and our noble clumps of oak, beech, birch, and elm, at home, is worth, for splendid pictur-esqueness and rich luxuriance of greenery, every fig-tree which ever grew since fig-leaves were in vogue; every olive which ever grew since the dove from the ark plucked off a branch; and every mulberry which ever grew since St. James of Spain cut out the imprison-ed princess. The menestrals of Languades per ed princess. The menestrals of Languedoe no doubt gave our early bards many a poetic lesson; but I can imagine the hopeless stare of the Southern when the Northern rhymer, in return, would chant him a jolly Friar of Cop-manhurst sort of stave about the 'merry

greenwood,' and the joys of the 'greenwood tree."

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.*

The object of this work is to exhibit in a series of chapters the Glory of the Divine Personage of which it treats in the leading incidents of His history while on earth, his resurrection and ascension, the coming of the Holy Ghost, the influence of his doctrines on his followers, and the glory reflected on him by their consistency in well doing and the future glories of Christianity to and beyond the end of all things. It forms a sequence, especially in its closing topics, to the author's previous volumes on "First Things."

There is much interest and animation in the style, with a perfect freedom from any straining after effect or search for novelty of illustration and expression. The chapter, "Christ as a Preacher," is admirable for its sound sense as well as its plety, bearing additional weight from the long experience of its venerable author in the pulpit. We extract the following among many excellent sentences which could be quoted:—

A POPULAR PREACHER,

"Nor may the fact be overlooked, in the next place, that he was an impressive and powerful preacher. In the legitimate sense of the term, he was popular, and interested the multitude. He never preached to empty synagogues; and when he occupied the market or the mountain side, they were not hundreds that listened to his voice, but thousands. It is recorded of him, that 'his fame went throughout all Syria;' and that 'there followed him great multitudes of people from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan.' On that memorable day when he went from the Mount of Olives to Judea, 'a great multitude spread their gar-ments in the way, and others cut down branches from the trees,' and all cried 'Hosannah to the Son of David!' After he uttered the parable of the vineyard, the rulers 'sought to lay hold of him, but feared the people.' When he 'returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee, there went out a fame of him throughout all the region round about, and he 'was glorified of all, and great multitudes came together to hear him.' So much was he, for the time, the idol of the people, that the chief priests and Pharisees were alarmed at his popularity, and said among themselves, 'If we let him then alone, all men will believe on him; behold, the world is gone after him.' nim; behold, the world is gone after him.' He was the man of the people, and advocated the cause of the people. We are told that 'the common people heard him gladly.' He was 'no respecter of persons.' He was the preacher to man, as man. He never passed the door of poverty, and was not ashamed to be called 'the friend of publicans and sinners.' His gopel was and is the great and only bond of prother hood: nor was there then nor is there brotherhood; nor was there then, nor is there now, any other universal brotherhood, than that which consists in love and loyalty to him. that which consists in love and loyalty to him. He was the only safe reformer the world has seen, because he so well understood the checks and balances by which the masses are governed. His preaching, like his character, bold and uncompromising as it was, was also in the highest degree conservative. He taught new truths, and he was the great vindicator of those that were old. All these things made him a that were old. All these things made him a most impressive, powerful, and attractive preacher. His very instructiveness, prudence and boldness, interested the people. They re spected him for his acquaintance with the truth, and honored his discretion and fearles-

*The Glory of Christ: illustrated in his character and history, including the Last Things of his Mediatorial (overnment. By Gardiner Spring. 2 vols. M. W. Dod.

ness in proclaiming it. This is human nature; en love to be thus instructed; they come to the house of God for that purpose. A vapid and vapory preacher may entertain them for the hour; a smooth and flattering preacher may amuse them; a mere denunciatory preacher may produce a transient excitement but such is the power of conscience but such is the power of conscience, and such the power of God and the wants of men, that, though their hearts naturally hate God's truth, they will crowd the sanctuaries where it is instructively, and fearlessly, and discreetly urged, while ignorance, and error, and a coward preacher, put forth their voice to the listless

The whole chapter may be read to great

advantage in Divinity schools.

Some will think that the doctrine of the Millenium is too positively insisted upon in the three chapters devoted to it—but on no other point will, we imagine, any difference of opinion be found among the many who will read, and when read, cherish these volumes. We will part with them with this animated, though perhaps over-hopeful, anticipation of the coming events of

THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS.

"The fifty years to come will indeed be a momentous period. The child that is now in its cradle will see greater things than ever prophets saw but in vision. Nor will they be long in coming; nor stand alone; nor will their influence be isolated. They will be fitted to one another and to the crisis they will be seed as a not when the grisis comes they will fitted to one another and to the crisis they produce; and when the crisis comes they will rush to their glorious issues. This agitation among the nations, and the sweeping judgments that are now passing over portions of the earth, so far from obscuring the prospect, are just the events which God and his people are looking for. It will be in vain for us to expect that the course of divine providence will be tranquil and unobserved; rather will it be broken by rocks and ruffled by storms. There will doubtless be seasons of desolating calamity. The stream will be swollen by the mountain torrent; and as it dashes on and mingles with the ocean, 'the deep will utter his voice and lift up his hands on high.' Yet is there no depression in these anticipations. is there no depression in these anticipations. Notwithstanding the damp and murky atmosphere with which we are sometimes enveloped, there is a feeling in it that revives us; a fragrance coming up from the blooming earth which is the presumer of the blooming earth

"Favored, highly favored is that generation which is destined to occupy these coming years! We may not say that we have no latent wish to put back the shadow on the dial, and enter with respect to the shadow on the dial, and enter with younger men and youthful ardor upon this opening period of time. We are thankful for the past, and congratulate those to whom the future furnishes so cheering a prospect. The trump of jubilee is even now sounding from the lands to which Christianity was transplanted, to lands where she was born. Its tidings come from yonder 'sea-girt isle,' and are echoed far and wide from these mountains of the West. Long may a wakeful providence throw its guardianship around these lands, and bid them 'declare his glory

among the Gentiles!'

"And thou, my country! The burying-place of my fathers and my children, be not thou unmindful of thy birthright, nor profanc-ly barter it for a mess of pottage! Hail, ye blood-bought churches! whether planted on the sea-beaten cliff or the verdant plain! Hail, ye her consecrated ministers! her colleges, her schools of the prophets! her Christian states

thou, this poor, lost, but redeemed earth, all hail! under whose opening heavens the Son of Man is to descend, proclaim his triumphs, and receive his reward!"

A SURVEY OF THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT

[Continued from our last Number.]

IV. The Interest of the Public.

THE Wrong next reaches its widest clientage: the Public themselves; a party not primarily interested in the matter, but made accessories after the fact. And they are, for this reason, the guiltiest of all; for they act under no prompting or stimulus, but of their own deliberate choice; and they choose to say: "We will take these books without payment to their authors; they are gifts sent to us, with a backward blessing to be sure, and we will accept them, and take the consequences to ourselves."

And what are the consequences? first view, some might say: Excellent, admirable, hopeful! All the shackles thrown off from knowledge; all the floodgates taken away, and a wide, unbounded spread of books over the land! Pausing at these conditions, a millenial period of publication may seem to have arrived. Knowledge untaxed, free as the air, open and universal with all men! And as knowledge is power, we expect to see it trowelling on the foundations of Colleges, carrying up the walls of Godly churches, sitting enthroned in our midst, in golden authority, with new servitors every day, and new friends. Men of learning, men of taste, men of genius, must grow in a soil ploughed and watered like this; and the people, led forward to the great ends of Truth and Justice by guides and champions whose stature betoken the soil on which they stand. Knowledge must bear the fruit of knowledge, or be false to itself. If you cannot show me somewhere, in institutions or in men, in results of some kind answerable to their origin, the products of the spread of knowledge, we deny that it is a spread, and begin to insist that it is a freshet only, come by chance, to pass away by chance—to be renewed from time to time by casual or constitutional commotions in the system of things.

Knowledge lives in order, not in confusion; spreads itself from a certain root to a certain growth; attains its purposes by a harmonious advance, from step to step, man to man. And now we tell you that this principle of an orderly progress—a progress springing from a spiritual growth, from within the popular heart, and not violently grafted on from without,—being violated and in course of new violation every day, you may look for no good result, look as long as you will. You cannot point to a single growth, growing directly out of, traceable clearly to the wrong appropriation of a foreign work, of which the country or the public may be proud or boastful. Point us to a single book, point us to a single man, that has attained what the world will allow to be character or just force of influence, built on this ground. It cannot be done! Occasional, incidental, apparent advantages may lie on the surface of the question—some body or bodies may have bought books for one dollar which might, in another state of market, cost two. What then? Can good or evil be deter-

worth of reading-and we will answer what kind of bargain you have made. A great public example, like that of the purchase of foreign books, without the sanction of their authors, cannot fail to decline from its first apparent aspect of good, into an almost unmixed evil, and to draw after it a viperous train of wrongs. A great public injury in-flicted on the sacredness of books, desecrates that noblest of all forms of appeal; and its sanctity once gone in the general regard, books will be made the panders between man and man, to all the imagination can guess at, of grossness and debasement. And so it has been. Instead of rising from the ground where it first stood to a purer and clearer region, the so-called cheap knowledge has stooped in the mire, and draggles its lean pinions in the very alleys and kennels of low vice. The public, the people have incited this result—will they abide by it?

V. The Present Position of the Question.

The question is now brought where it stands, full in the eye of Legislation—to be looked upon at full length. It has grown through a course of years to its present character, and has been subjected to all the tests which a long trial can bring to bear upon any question; and it is now to be asked whether any one of the parties whose relation to it has been spoken of- and they are all the parties in the case, either of right or of courtesy,—is satisfied with the state of things against which it directs itself. They are not. In each one there has been a movement, sufficient to indicate an uneasiness with regard to the present condition of this business. The general mind, and the one most likely to be at ease, on the question, has endeavored, from time to time, to make comfort for itself with various glosses, and plausible constructions, and hopeful prognostications; but all in vain. Change may come, but not for the better. Evil cannot right itself: it must be helped. It is a cripple, and must be lent a crutch. There is no element in the present system which could work a change for the better. Fluctuations would occur-temporary only-open to in-crease or abatement, with causes which no controlling law or principle hold in check. And that it is so appears from the fact that the movement for a New Copyright Act is not local, is not partisan, is not peculiar to class or condition-but is prompted by men of all grades and complexions of opinion, and from all quarters of the country. It is not statesmen, or authors, or divines, or publishers, or manufacturers, or citizens, that ask for it—but all, all—demanding and praying that the American legislature discover that element which shall heal the complaints of so wide and so various a grievance: a national act, a comprehensive remedy. And it is this that brings up the application for a new law, which, by its catholic sense of justice, as an affair of all mankind, shall bring all mankind to deal, each with each, in a spirit of the highest harmony, and profoundest mutual interest.

VI. The Operation of a New Copyright Act.

It becomes us, then, to conjecture, as far as we may, the operation of a new law, and to ascertain how far it is likely to stand the men! destined to fulfil such wondrous councils of love more wondrous! Hail, ye her incils of love more wondrous! Hail, ye her increasing millions! who stand in full view of the spirit of fair dealing, as to love and duty live, and rise, and fall, and distribute itself, this coming age of millennial glory! And many limbs, and veins, and channels, that no record could be made out in advance of its possible and probable working. But this we could say of a surety—that, if we reason aright, and in the right spirit, a new law would move among the departments of business and thought to which we have referred, and bring to them a spirit which should renew their life, and set them free again to find a field of honest, permanent, hopeful employment. Its operation would be direct and special with the foreign author, with the home author, with the home publisher, and with the public. Over each would pass a change—a change peculiar to itself, and yet friendly to the change in each other. Out of each one would be taken that heart of grievance which corrupts all the issues of the Press, in this regard; and a healthful action would ensue.

Let no man fear the result: to do the Right is always to reach the right end by the shortest road. Author, publisher, and public, are in a high relation and copartnership, and let no taint of knavery or stealth creep in among them. Once rightly assorted with, and covenanted to each other, the world may expect from their harmonious acts fruits of Goodness, Beauty, and Truth.

The foreign author, the home author, the home publisher, the public—how will this new bond bear upon each? what will be its conditions, and what its operation with each?

VII. With the Foreign Author.

With the foreign author it begins; and it begins by making him master of his own, to deal with as he will. A friendly state of mind! And in such a mood he writes, henceforth, knowing that there is a great audience (an audience of just men and brethren, he now begins to believe) on whose car each word will drop as familiarly as on the child-ren of his own household. Will he come forward to greet them with a frowning or an averted face? Will he address them in the language of bitterness and alienation? Will he strike at them with his angry pen? No! There has entered into him, a new impulse, the great, the mighty impulse of love for a kindred country—doubly kindred to him by a new tie. He knows it, henceforth, not as a political organization which he may like or dislike, not as a place of customs which he may relish or disrelish, but as the seat of true justice to authors, as a brave friend to poets, and historians, and citizens of Fancy; as a world of listeners on whom the ocean-wave breaks, at each circuit of the moon, in a melodious murmur, borne to them from a far land! Ah, noble indeed—happy beyond accounting—the influence that will shoot into the heart of a great brotherhood of writers, with the tidings of a law passed in kinship and fraternal justice!

Not to be bought indeed—are the suffrages of these or of any men, except in acts of which the judgment and the conscience, sitting in the high tribunal of the world, and in the full presence of its Wise Ruler, approve. It is by bonds woven in such a spirit, and by such men, that countries are held together more firmly than in treaties of amity, or alliances of trade.

When one law in literature—the law that all men, in all countries, are the equal possessors and sole dispensers of their labors of thought and speech—shall prevail through the world, it will have secured higher pledges

of peace than statesmen, or Parliaments, or Congresses, can, in their maturest councils, furmsh.

In another paper, we shall conclude the consideration of this subject in its several influences.

COLLOT'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

This is an American copyright work, based as well upon the standard French authorities of the Academy, Laveaux, Wilson, Spiers and others, as upon the correlative labors of Richardson, Johnson, Webster, in the Eng-lish departments. This union of two things —good French and good English—not always united in works of this class, is a mat-ter of essential importance, especially in the numerous scientific definitions, where Webster may be followed to great advantage. In the number of words, M. Collot's Dictionary challenges attention-keeping pace with the rapid course of modern improvements and discoveries, and the growth of technical terms. The illustrations of particular meanings and idioms, and the modifications of words by adjectives, present examples most in request. Altogether, this is a highly practical and useful work, and affords the best facilities for a ready interpretation of the language, not least in the distinctness of the clear-faced type and the large size of the initial word, conditions which are often neglected, but which cannot fail to give an especial value to this edition.

Progress of the City of New York during the last Fifty Years. By Charles King. Appleton & Co.—Mr. King has contributed a valuable memorial of the growth of the city of New York, one of the most noticeable series of facts in modern development; in this publication, which, in its newspaper form, as the report of a lecture before the Mechanics' Society, was reviewed at length in our columns (Lit. World, 261, 262) at the time of its delivery. With the similar contributions of Judge Duer, Depeyster Ogden, Judge Betts, Dr. Francis, and others, it is well worthy of being consulted by the future historian.

The English Family Robinson. The Desert Home; or, the Adventures of a Lost Family in the Wilderness. By Captain Mayne Reid, author of the "Rifle Rangers." Boston: Ticknor & Co.—A Swiss Family Robinson of the American desert. The old machinery of a trading adventure, the disaster of losing the way, a kind of shipwreck on land, is here brought very successfully to bear upon the new scenery of our Mexican frontier. A party entrench themselves on an inhabitable patch, and make the most of their resources in a way which will always enlist the attention of children. All sorts of western "varmint" are there, with various remarkable habits, duly described in language familiar and enthusiastic. The building of log cabins, the resources of the maple tree, and the salt spring, and the bee-hunt, the marvels of the buffalo, the elk, beaver, &c., turn up in due course, with interest in Captain Reid's telling of the story to the young reader.

The Optimist: a Series of Essuys. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Putnam.—In a previous number (Lit. World, 167) we noticed the agreeable characteristics of this book, and have now but to congratulate the author on its favorable reception by the public, and elegant appearance in this second edition.

Adventures of Colonel Vanderbomb in Pursuit of the Presidency. By J. B. Jones. Phila:

* A New and Improved Standard French and English and English and French Dictionary. By A. G. Collot. Phila.: C. G. Henderson & Co.

A. Hart.—The Colonel—according to the text—appears to have been all things to all men, and a good many things beside to several women, who possessed political influence. As the book belongs to the "Humorous Library," of course it is very dry indeed—in fact, a rival to Franklin's celebrated pudding.

Tales of the Southern Border. By C. W. Webber. Part I. Phila.: Lippineott, Grambo & Co.—The first of a series of tales by Mr. Webber, and contains four of his most popular magazine stories; one of which, "Shot-in-the-eye," is at least equal to unything that he has since written.

Falkenburg: a Tale of the Rhine. By the author of Germania. Harpers.—Although a novel of the fashionable order, there are many passages, and especially some of the descriptions of manners and scenery in Germany, that redeem Falkenburg in a measure from the condemnation that usually awaits its class. The reader, nevertheless, will probably arrive at the conclusion that he has purchased a great deal of rending for a very little money.

The Practical Model Calculator, for the Engineer, Mechanic, Machinist, Manufacturers of Engine Work, Naval Architect, Miner, and Milleright. By Oliver Byrne. Phila: H. C. Baird.—A technical work, which appeals to the various classes of operatives enumerated in the title, by the extent of its calculations, based on the latest practice; the facilities of new tables, and the scientific accuracy of the author, "every rule having been tested by the unerring results of mathematical research, and confirmed by experiment when such was necessary."

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the Past Year. By John Timbs. London: Bogue—Phila.: A. Hart.—An index to newspapers was proposed the other evening in the Historical Society, and in no respect would a simple index of the kind be more desirable than in reference to the suggestions and statements of scientific facts, bearing upon future discoveries. In these year-books we have something more than the index, the transference of all the information to a convenient, well classified volume. No man in his profession would willingly dispense with such a labor-saving machine in the prosecution of his studies. The lawyer has his "digests," the medical man his "retrospects," and the value of a shelf of annual histories or notices of inventions is obvious to the scientific inquirer. Nothing is more disheartening, from weariness and loss of time, than searching files of newspapers for a fact which you remember to have seen somewhere, but don't know exactly where. We think, then, that Year-books might be extended to embrace departments of philosophy, literature, social ideas, and not merely the so-called useful, but the Fine Arts, &c.

The First Book of Etymology. By Joseph Thomas, M.D. Phila.: E.C. & J. Biddle.—A manual of decided utility and interest in the elementary study of the English language, particularly in the knowledge of its prefixes and suffixes, and its derivations from the Latin, and other roots. It is on the basis of Mr. Lynd's "First Book of Etymology." Teachers will appreciate this book, but it may also be referred to with profit by any man of intelligence.

A Practical System of Book-Keeping and Key. By Ira Mayhew, A.M. New York: Cady and Burgess.—To book-keeping "abstractedly"—as Mrs. Partington hath it—we must confess our repugnance. The science is practised upon us in a most alarmingly catholic manner, for the artistes insist upon keeping lent in perpetuo, but abstain entirely from, and manifest a significant horror at, anything like

a passover—of the honored property to its original proprietor. They invariably promise to keep the book carefully—which they do—and to return it when they have done with it, and to return it when they have done with it, which promise implying retention until they have done with it, is, we suppose also to be performed—by their executor.

In fact a book is seldom recovered until it requires re-covering, and not before many of its leaves have taken theirs.

From Mr. Mayhew's treatise, however, we learn that book-keeping may be practised honestly, and without leger-demain, and that books can be kept to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

Our ideas upon the subject have been somewhat vague and desultory, having the term "Double Entry" sometimes associated with LARGE HAULS made by business men, and sometimes with the system adopted by a worthy German who never neglected anything and was so very particular that he always charged the articles sold, after his clerks had booked them, for fear something might be forgotten.

Trial balances are mixed up in our mind with the appliances to ascertain one's weight, found in every museum, and a Journal we have deemed to be usually a print that appears daily or sometimes—in despite of Philology and common sense—weakly.

It is never too late to learn, and we have

one of the best minds in the world

"Old as we are to put ourselves to school"

to Mr. Mayhew and acquire an inkling of the science he teaches so simply and so well.

Seriously, the "System" under our notice is one of the best that we have seen, and contains various methods to suit all classes, and to record the transactions incident to all occupasix miniature Journals, Ledgers, &c., have been prepared all in due form to facilitate the learner's progress.

Messrs. Stanford & Swords have published Arthur and his Mother, a story by Taylor, the author of Records of a Good Man's Life, a book for children of the Church of England. Lindsay & Blakiston have issued The Yankee Tea Party in Boston in 1773, one of the series of familiar illustrations of the Revolution, by H. C. Watson. From Peterson, Phila., we have a new edition of Bulwer's Falkland, which once made so great a stir. Collins of this city has now ready a new edition of the capital selection of Æsop's Fables, illustrated by Tenniel, in a handsome 12mo. volume, at a reduced

The latest numbers of the Art-Journal (Virtue, 26 John street), continue the excellent series of the Great Masters of Art, with Rubens and Paul Potter. The illustrations are some of the finest specimens of woodcutting of the day. A Pastoral Scene, with the unmistakable young bull, fellow of the celebrated portrait at the Hague, is especially well rendered. The printing of some of the more open illustrations in the well desired. printing of some of the more open illustrations appears to great advantage, as in the well defined outline of the Middle Age Relics. This is a new series to be continued, of luxurious goblets, flasks, ivory carvings, caskets, &c. The valuable Dictionary of Terms of Art is continued. Mrs. Hall furnishes another Pilgrimage to an English shrine in a notice of Chertsey and the curious demostic life of Day. Chertsey and the curious domestic life of Day, the author of Sandford and Merton. The Vernon callery supplies "A Man Reading a Newspa-per," by Goode, in a school of literal charac-ter, always appreciable and welcome, and Gil-bert Stuart Newton's "Casement," the Dutch Girl with whom we are so familiar in some of his best works. In every department the Art-Journal sustains its old merits with an infusion of new life and fertility after the great over-flow and irrigation of the Great Exhibition. MARKS AND REMARKS.

A CORRESPONDENT whose judgment and taste have the sanction of a well proven poetical culture, writes to us touching a certain "heresy" in a criticism republished in our columns from the Evening Post, on the opening stanzas of Gray's Elegy:

Messrs. Editors :

Furor arma ministrat."

I must take up arms in behalf of Gray, Webster, myself & Co. I could hardly have thought it possible that so just a critic and so fine a poet as Mr. Bryant (if it was he), would perpetrate such a palpable piece of hypercriticism as that on some verses of Gray's Elegy, quoted from the Evening Post

in your paper of April 3d.

First, as to the alleged inaccuracy of Gray in making the darkness fall so suddenly upon the going home of the cattle, I reply that he does not, he only, by a poetic license, regards the going home of the cattle and the weary ploughman as indicative and suggestive of nightfall, and as it is not his business to follow them home to the milking, he has nothing to do but to throw himself forward into the darkness; in other words, to let it come a little sooner without waiting for the critic to come back from the farm-house, where he has

been peeping.
Secondly, if Wordsworth and Goldsmith were so unfortunate as never to have felt the balmy breath of the morning breeze fanning their temples through the open windows after a summer night and inviting them to get up, I am sorry the late critic should have been also, for certainly he must have lost this experience, else he would not find nonsense in

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn."

Thirdly, supposing it could be made out on the authority of naturalists that the moping owl does not complain to the moon when she hoots, really I had thought it an established canon that poetry might fancy things animate or inanimate doing what the simple things had no idea of. I am open to correction and conviction, but submit that

the critic is broaching a serious heresy here. Fourthly and finally, where the inconsistency is between the alleged subject of the owl's complaint and the statement in the first stanza I cannot, for the life of me, see. True, the world had been left to darkness and the bard alone, but surely the obvious

meaning of the words,

"Such as, wandering near her secret bower, molest, &c."

is: such intruders as the poet himself, who, wandering near, heard the owl, or whom the bird is supposed to hear or see and fancy that he is coming to disturb her.

The criticism in the Post shows therefore, I think, first, an absence of imagination, and

secondly, an absence of study.

THEODORE IRVING, LL.D., Professor of History and Belles Lettres in the Free Academy, has resigned the chair, and accepted a valuable and important station in the Collegiate Institution for Young Ladies, on Union Park, of which Rev. Gorham D. Ab-bott, is principal. We congratulate this flourishing Institution on the accession of this able and accomplished scholar and instructor, who will be hereafter entirely engaged in its interests. As the author of the "Conquest of Florida" he is known to the public for his delightful narrative style; the reflex of the amenity and courtesy of the Library at Somerset House. In the

true gentleman: virtues and accomplishments which should never be separated in such a sphere of duty as that upon which Mr. Irving enters. This Institution, it is well known, has aimed for some years, to bring within the reach of the Young Ladies of New York, all the advantages of a strictly collegiate course of education, adapted, however, specially to their susceptibilities and wants. The edifice erected for it, "The Spingler Institute," in its commanding situation, the spacious and beautifully appointed study and recitation rooms, the library, the laboratory, the apparatus, the lecture-room, and the "Voyage of Life," by Cole, which adorns its walls, have long given this esta-blishment a high consideration among the friends of elevated education in our community. Its winter courses of lectures, by the elder and the younger Silliman, and other eminent lecturers of our country, have contributed not a little to the intellectual attrac-

tions of the city.

M. Arsene Houssaye's "Men and Women of the 18th Century," translated in this city and published by Mr. Redfield, has been reprinted in London by Bentley, in three volumes,-unfortunately omitting the name of the eminent French author, unfortunately, for this has led to a misappreciation of the book. The Leader, usually well informed on French matters, took the book up as a "manufactured" article of the hack biography school in London; of course soon discovering that there was a genuine French-man at bottom. The omission of the author's name, too, has led other journals to suspect the authenticity and undervalue the historical fidelity of the work. Generally, however, as in this country, its merits are acknowledged as a bright and true reflex of the brilliant, witty, corrupt age preceding the first Revolution in France. The London Examiner thus happily characterizes it :- "It ought to have been stated that this book was a translation from the French. A very few pages suffice to make this fact clear to the reader, and a few more make it equally clear that we must not accept the contents as veritable biography. The book belongs to that class of French memoirs in the manufacture of which so much ingenuity has been shown by the lively litterateurs of Paris, to whom we are already indebted for the Memoirs of Madlle. de Montpensier, of M. Fleury, and things of that kind. But it is extremely amusing. Embracing a series of sketches, beginning with the birth of Dufresney to a life of songs and sonnets in the very thick of the civil commotions of the seventeenth century, and ending with the gay and sprightly unconsciousness of the Clairons and Beaumarchais, on the very eve of the great and terrible Revolution, the three volumes never weary, very often amuse, and on the whole present a picture life-like in effect, if not always very accurate in detail, of a state of society whose unreality and falsehood was really quite as ghastly and grotesque as the awful scenes of phrenzy and

terror which so suddenly replaced it."

Mr. Payne Collier's corrected folio of
Shakspeare (of 1632) continues to attract
considerable attention. Were he not the authentic man he is, the curiosity, at this time, could be questioned with the Shelley forgeries. At the last accounts Mr. C. makes a public offer to exhibit his volume to any of mean time, expectation is kept alive by a new reading thrown out from this store-house, a copyist's or proof-reader's blunder:—"I have already," says Mr. C. in a communication to the Athenaum, "given a variety of instances in former communications; but in consequence of a letter to which I have replied only this morning, I am tempted to add another,—and thus still farther to establish how incorrectly the first folio (followed by the second) of 1623 was printed, notwithstanding I am convinced that it was at least as well done as any book of the kind of that age, with one exception. It is taken from 'Coriolanus,' act iii. sc. 1, where the hero is vehemently arguing against the fitness of giving corn to the lower orders out of the public store-houses, and contending that they did not deserve it. As I am pointing out an indisputable error in my own edition, I may be allowed in the first place to quote from it. Coriolanus says—

"Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Vol. vi. p. 202.

Reading the passage now, with the new light which I possess, it may seem surprising how I, and all others before me, could permit such nonsense to stand, under the belief that Shakspeare wrote it. How intelligibly and how naturally the extract reads in my corrected folio of 1632:—only bearing in mind that the old word, 'bisson," used elsewhere in this very play and in the same sense, means blind.—

"Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy?

—Surely nothing can be more self-evident than the propriety and necessity of this emendation, although until now it has never been suggested, and 'native' and 'bosom multiplied' have been everlastingly repeated as the real language of our great dramatist. One point is, I think, quite certain—that the old corrupt text will never henceforward be imputed to him again."

We understand by a private letter that

We understand by a private letter that Mr. Collier will soon commence the issue of a new edition, embodying the manuscript emendations of his remarkable folio.

EARLY FLOWERS.

"For the flowers may come again;
But they no'er can be what they have been
To the heart before it lost its green."
Frances Brown.

Say not, sweet singer, though thou walkest, Within a shadowy way, That flowers, loved in other years, Are not as bright to-day; 'Mong hills of snow are sunny Alps Where little children play.

And why about the forest trees
Falls sunlight's shining crown,—
And why do tender leaves come out
On branches bare and brown?
Shall hearts, alone, be desolate,
When Heaven seems coming down?

Why should the birds return to build By each loved streamlet's shore,— And why should buds come smiling in The nooks they loved before? Must spirits, only, lose their green, And don such robes no more? Oh, youth was lit with many a love,
That glooms may now enfold,
But may we not give smile for smile
While "we are growing old?"
May not some leaves be living yet,
Though drifts above be cold?

EMILY HERRMANN.

[From Horace Smits's "Gaities and Gravities." A new volume of Appleton's Popular Library.]

TO A LOG OF WOOD UPON THE FIRE.

WHEN Horace, as the snows descended,
On Mount Soracte recommended
That Logs be doubled,
Until a blazing fire arose,
I wonder whether thoughts like those
Which in my noddle interpose
His fancy troubled.

Poor Log! I cannot hear thee sigh,
And groan, and hiss, and see thee die,
To warm a Poet,
Without evincing thy success,
And as thou wanest less and less,
Inditing a farewell address,
To let thee know it.

Peeping from earth—a bud unveil'd,
Some "bosky bourne" or dingle hail'd
Thy natal hour,
While infant winds around thee blew,
And thou wert fed with silver dew,
And tender sun-beams oozing through
Thy leafy bower.

Earth—water—air—thy growth prepared,
And if perchance some Robin, scared
From neighboring manor,
Perched on thy crest, it rock'd in air,
Making his ruddy feathers flare
In the sun's ray, as if they were
A fairy banner.

Or if some nightingale impress'd
Against thy branching top her breast
Heaving with passion,
And in the leafy nights of June
Outpour'd her sorrows to the moon,
Thy trembling stem thou didst attune
To each vibration.

Thou grew'st a goodly tree, with shoots
Fanning the sky, and earth-bound roots
So grappled under,
That thou whom perching birds could swing,
And zephyrs rock with lightest wing,
From thy firm trunk unmoved didst fling
Tempest and thunder.

Thine offspring leaves—death's annual prey, Which Herod Winter tore away
From thy caressing,
In heaps, like graves, around thee blown,
Each morn thy dewy tears have strown,
O'er each thy branching hands been thrown,
As if in blessing.

Bursting to life, another race
At touch of Spring in thy embrace
Sported and flutter'd;
Aloft, where wanton breezes play'd,
In thy knit-boughs have ringdoves made
Their nest, and lovers in thy shade
Their vows have utter'd.

How oft thy lofty summits won
Morn's virgin smile, and hail'd the sun
With rustling motion;
How oft in silent depths of night,
When the moon sail'd in cloudless light,
Thou hast stood awestruck at the sight,
In hush'd devotion.

Twere vain to ask; for doom'd to fall,
The day appointed for us all
O'er thee impended:
The hatchet, with remorseless blow,
First laid thee in the forest low,
Then cut thee into logs—and so
Thy course was ended—

But not thine use—for moral rules,
Worth all the wisdom of the schools,
Thou may'st bequeath me;
Bidding me cherish those who live
Above me, and the more I thrive,
A wider shade and shelter give
To those beneath me.

So when death lays his axe to me,
I may resign as calm as thee
My hold terrestrial;
Like thine my latter end be found
Diffusing light and warmth around,
And like thy smoke my spirit bound
To realms celestial.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN .-- NO. IL

To the proper understanding of Gray's pic-tures, some knowledge of the canons of Art is necessary, but an adequate exposition of them would be impossible in our limited space, and we shall content ourselves with pointing out the directions in which he has followed them. The most striking characteris-tic of his works in the present Exhibition is their exquisite tone, and the brilliancy consequent on it. Tone is defined as " the exact re-lation of the colors of the shadows to the colors of the lights, so that they may be at once felt to be merely different degrees of the same light, together with such relation of the illuminated parts that the whole picture shall seem in the same light." Gray's management of a simple color in this respect is entirely unsurpassed, and even in the most unimportant piece of drapery you are corried into, and out of the shadow without losing for an instant the local color of the object. The luminous quality thus obtained is so great as to make almost everything near his pictures to look comparatively opaque and lightless. But the apparently inadequate force by which he attains this quality is no less remarkable than quality itself. Other artists are content to bring out their lights by deep, strong shadows, while Gray's are so delicate as to be felt rather than perceived as shadows; notice, for instance, in the portrait of a lady, No. 422, that which falls on the neck. So clear and subtle is it that the the neck. So clear and subtle is it that the light of the head alone in the picture seems more luminous; and in consequence, the whole head is relieved in light. In all this he works in perfect accordance with Nature, who always gives light more by tone than color, and gives more to the flesh tones than to anything else. Another desirable quality attained by him is breadth. The lights and shadows are kept in large unbroken masses, giving simplicity and digunbroken masses, giving simplicity and dig-nity of effect. But on this point we will not dwell; the importance of breadth is too well known to all conversant in the slightest degree with art, and we will only instance the light and shade of the head and neck of the picture before mentioned, and the draperies generally in that and the group of children, No. 74. Gray's negation of color is often complained of, and it may be to many a cause of offence, but it is always the artist's privilege to abstract such qualities of Nature as best suit his feeling, whether, like Gray he sacrifice in great measure color to light and tone, or like Baker, in his Summer Hours, No. 191, he give all, or like Rossiter, color without tone, but he is regarded in proportion to the nobility of the quality he abstracts; and there is, to our individual taste, something very noble in Gray's self-denial of fulness of color, and modulation of subdued tints. On this point we cannot do better than to quote Ruskin, Mod. Painters, vol. ii. sc. 1, ch. x.: "And thus in color it is not red but rose color, which is most beautiful; neither such actual green as we find in summer foliage partly, and in our painting of it constantly, but such grey green as that into which nature modifies her distant as that into which matter incomes her distant tints, or such pale green, and uncertain, as we see in sunset sky, and in the clifts of the glacier, and chrysophrase, and the sea-foam; and so of all colors, not that they may not sometimes be deep and full, but that there is a solemn moderation even in their very fulness, and a holy reference beyond and out of their own nature to great harmonics by which they are governed, and in obedience to which is their glory. Whereof the ignorance is shown in all evil colorists by the violence and positiveness of their hues, and by dulness and discordance consequent, for the very brilliancy and real power of all color voice on its gentleness, and as of action on its calmness, and as all moral vigor on self-command."

But there are several cabinet portraits by Gray, with which the most ardent lover of color cannot find fault, as No. 16, and in less degree, but quite as pleasing, No 344.

But this ideality of treatment is entirely subordinate to another quality, the high-est and worthiest of portraiture, viz. ideal expression of character. In the group of children, No. 74, it is less remarkable than in the single heads, for the reason that there is an effort to redeem that from the stiffness of actual portrait, by giving action or pictorial interest. How far such a compromise is possible, is a matter of study. The full expression of the ideal character demands a repose of feature which would be inconsistent with the representation of a momentary feeling, and any attempt at adding an interest extraneous to the subject must necessarily interfere with it. Whether the loss of ideality is repaid by the addition of such in-terest the artist alone is the judge, but that there is such loss is proved by a comparison of this picture with No. 422, already alluded to, in which the ideal character is most beautifully expressed, and with perfect re-pose. The deep-souled woman speaks out from every feature; all that is most earnest and purest in womanhood is gathered out, and that which is accidental and not inherent to the character, rejected. It is this magnetic power, exercised in whatever line, that makes the great artist, and the exercise of which constitutes high Art.

The busts of Palmer afford another example of this noble faculty (as does the portrait No. 220, by Baker, to a good degree). In all the instances of the rapid development of talent, which the annals of American are exhibit, there has been none so striking as Palmer's debut. Last year he exhibited his first bust, "The Infant Ceres," a work of surprising excellence. This year he exhibits two portrait busts, beside which little American sculpture can be placed. For accurate modelling and anatomical truth they are as admirable as for the mechanical ability by which these qualities are rendered. There is much thoughtfulness in the treatment of all parts, even to the drapery, as par-ticularly in No. 271, and notice the ease and freedom of the hair, which is the more strik-

ing, as beginners generally make it stiff and a good sense of color, but since his sojourn formal. In the chiselling of the features in Europe he seems to have lost all. The pictures sent to the Art-Union last year gree that the eye can hardly follow. But it is in the eyes and mouth that the earnest study of the artist are most evident. In sculpture generally the former are dead and without expression, but here they seem as though you might look into them—you hardly miss the darkness of the pupil, and the veiling lash. Both here and in the mouth is his attention to the minutest degree of truth shown, in the exquisite marking of the lines on which they depend for their expression, giving sharpness where it is suggested in nature, and where an ordinary sculptor would have rounded all into a senseless softness; as an instance of which, note the edge of the upper lip of No. 286, and see what value it gives to the rest of the feature; also the line where the lips meet. It is in this rendering of the subtler truths of nature that the great Artist is shown-while another may give the more palpable traits, so as to satisfy the common observer, he only will give those which must be sought out with earnest and laborious study, sparing no time or labor which may be requisite for the elaboration of the minutest truth desirable for the perfection of the work; and so, study it as long as we will, we are conscious of no failure or short coming, even in the value of The qualities to which we have here done feeble justice, are worthily crowned by the beautiful repose and air of life which these busts possess, and by the ideality which we have spoken of before as the grand quality of portraiture, in which latter respect the one we first instanced is far the finer. It might well pass for an ideal of Womanhood.

It is instructive to compare with those the " ideal" (!) bust, No. 267, "done in Italy" coarse and vulgar to its smallest feature.

Before concluding our notice of the portraits, we must express our wonder at the hardihood which could send to a public exhibition such pictures as No. 428, and some others by the same hand. From a young artist much may be endured of crudeness or imperfection, but from a painter of so many years' standing, we naturally expect some kind of merit; yet in these pictures there is not absolutely half so much of any kind as may be found on the outside of our omnibusses; and the weakness that could produce them is only equalled by the bluntness of feeling that could permit them to be seen. Too poor to be looked at, but too glaring to be overlooked, they become an intolerable nuisance to the eye, and should be treated as such. Benjamin West's wash of liquorice and India ink, thickly applied, might help

There are many excellent portraits by younger artists, which we have not room to notice as they deserve. No. 77, by Fuller, has fine feeling; and there are several by Carpenter, Greene, and others, not to forget a fine crayon head of a child, No. 260, by Colyer. There is a full-length by Salter, No. 68, an English artist of some note, which compare, and two by De Block of Belgium, also an artist of reputation.

The figure pictures of the present exhibition make a meagre show. Edwin White sends home a "Requiem of De Soto," which he had better have left in Europe, and have

were wretched in every sense; and the present is, though more academical, no better in intention. The subject is one which an artist of any earnest feeling might have made much of, and we can imagine that mournful ceremonial to have been replete with the strongest expression of the human heart, A band of fearless adventurers, gathered to pay the last honors to a beloved chief who had led them into an unknown land, himself to die by that lonely shore, would have gathered around his bier in sorrow, which even their stout soldier hearts could not concealthe clenched hand, compressed lip, and moistened eye would have told the love they bore him-some looks of grief would there have been interchanged as they gathered round, regarding in silence the pale, dead face of him they revered. All, even to the meanest camp-follower would have pressed forward to see those features for the last time; the holy fathers, with awed and so-lemn ceremony, would have chanted in unison their sorrow and their hopes, and the pale cold moon would have mingled its light, like a heavenly token, with the red glare of the torches. But here we have a half dozen lay figures, with faces utterly expressionless and alike, while at a distance appear as many more indifferent heads, with helmets on, apparently waiting the result. The sorrow is ex-pressed by a single kneeling figure, with stolid visage and hands folded, who might be a knight kneeling for his lady's favor as well, and all the prayer and heavenward feeling is contained in a sprawling pair of hands, and an elevated crucifix. The color is very coarse and poor, and the moon only answers to give a cold gleam to the distant water, but has no effect on the principal group of the

picture.
The "Gallantry of Raleigh," No. 29, is not one of Mr. Leutze's latest pictures, though it is generally considered one of his best, and is quite characteristic of him and the school to which he belongs. Mr. Leutze cannot be considered an American artist in any sense of the term. Born in Germany, and receiving his artistic education there, the fact of his having passed several years in this country in the intermediate portion of his life gives him no claim to Americanism. He is German and will never be anything but German, as the purely Dusseldorf manner of his pictures evinces, and in studying this one we may gather a good idea of the great body of second-rate Dusseldorf artists, generally clever aggregates of academicisms and imitations of the first-rate artists. Thus, in the present picture the sky and landscape suggest very strongly Lessing, both in color and treatment, while the academic rules are everywhere evident. Following the law that there should always be opposition of lines to avoid monotony, we find that all the heads in the picture (excepting the single figure to the left and one group of three in the back-ground) are divided into couples, of which one leans one way and the other the opposite, even down to the dogs tied together. amusing to see the unanimity with which the heads wag to and from each other. But the artist's rules fail him where they ought to be of most use, viz., in giving unity and breadth. The large majority of the heads are of the sent himself home. It used to be supposed that Mr. White had considerable talent and attention with the same disregard to subordination, disturbing the repose of the picture very much. It lacks tone, which is not generally the case with the works of that school -perhaps asphaltum was scarce at the time it was painted. But there is much merit in it; the figures are admirably drawn—the accessories appropriate and excellently well painted, particularly the cannon (which are at the same time very significant) and the execution of the whole is earnest and unaffect-The greatest deficiency of the picture is the want of ideality, especially in the heads, which are monotonous and tame, every face being smoothed into a graceful propriety and devoid of emotion. You may assume almost any expression from them you choose; note particularly those of Sir Walter and the woman at the right holding the child, which are so near alike in expression and feature that but for the beard of his you might exchange them. Here lies the grand distinc-tion between the historical and mere figure painter; the former gives the greatness or vitality of his characters to the head which is then ideal, while the latter is able to give expression only in the figure, the face remaining a blank to be filled with any emotion which the attitude or action suggests.

Terry, another of the wanderers for inspiration, has sent home a Jacob's Dream, which shows all the inconsistencies of the old masters without any of their power. Jacob is a very wooden man and lies at the foot of a very wooden flight of stairs, by way of banisters to which are long rows of cottony clouds, at the top of which is a representation of the Almighty. When Mr. Terry learns to paint a man well then let him try an angel, and if he can succeed in that he will

find then that the Deity is beyond his feeling.
"The Fair Penitent" is agreeable in certain qualities of tone, and finish of accesso-ries, and if the head had been hidden it would have been still more so, as then each spectator could have substituted for it such an one as pleased him, while that the artist has given is quite inexpressive. It is a matter of some critical acumen to find out what there is penitential about the picture, unless the artist is by exhibiting it, doing penance for having painted it. No. 101 is far fitter to the title, as there are some signs of mortifica-

tion about the face.

More injury is done to artists by mistaking their powers than perhaps any other, and many waste their lives in a blind seeking for that which they will never succeed in representing, led by their ambition rather than their feeling. The great and only law the artist should know, should be, to paint that which he loves best without reference to what other men have done. Thus Peele, in No. 106, shows evidence of a belief that it is his mission to paint little girls performing certain rural operations, when in reality his feeling is for the still life which he has made the accessory part of the picture. He would paint that really well-there was a fruit piece in the Art-Union Gallery last year showing great power that way—but he does not paint good figures. They are never anything more than still life at best, but a power of drawing that will be sufficient for vegetable, and the lower animal, forms, will fail in the human figure, as in the face of the little girl in this picture, which is singularly distorted. Mr. Peele's painting of inanimate nature is earnest and thoroughly good, and if he would only omit the figure the pictures would be excellent.

Duck-Shooting, No. 110, is an example of a "style" of painting that is becoming painfully conspicuous in our exhibitions and shopwindows, of which glaring red shirts, buck-skin breeches, and very coarse prairie grass are the essential ingredients; and in which Mr. Ranney had the honor to lead the way; but with him there was some character of in-dividuality, which Mr. Tate lacks. The hanging committee would have done the artist a real favor if they had hung his pictures where they would be farther from the eye. Mr. Tate being fresh from England, ought to know more of color than he seems to

"The Speculator," No. 230, by Edmonds, is a clever picture, telling its story with great clearness and mostly well painted, though the figures are poor in execution. If Mr. Edmonds would study the drapery of his pictures as carefully as he does the accessories, he would add materially to the value of them, and still more by more delicate rendering of the faces which here are coarse and conventional. There is more care bestowed on the cabbage on the floor or the ham overhead.

than on the heads.

No. 169, "Going to School," by Baker, is an exquisite piece of childlike feeling and color—the happy, smiling faces bidding defiance to the driving rain, and the red cloak glowing out through the grey gloom around, in unison with the feeling of the little heart it covers. The picture will be more refreshing when the heat of summer sets in, but now the bleak, leafless trees and elemental discomfort are too well seconded by the actual state of the weather, and we need sunshine more than rain, indoors. No. 191, "Summer Hours," is therefore, just what is needed—delightful summer, with sunshine and flowers, and a cool, refreshing shade when we want it. The fulness and harmony of color is in consonance with all pleasant sights and sounds—the distant lake, the clinging scarlet vines, the beautiful faces, clinging searlet vines, the beautiful faces, and, you might imagine, the half-sleepy twitterings of some sun-sheltered little wren (nothing else would be able to sing on such a day) and the ceaseless "chrrr" of the crickets in the grass, fill the mind with the very poetry of summer. You feel that it were good to be there and to dream away the midday heat, and then with such charming midday heat, and then with such charming companions to saunter home through the fields as the coolness of evening comes on. Baker's sense of color is of a high order and well educated withal; and he is in the true sense of the term a colorist. There is a refinement and purity of quality in the color of this picture, with some slight exceptions, faultless, and which is particularly well shown in the shadow that falls over the upper part of the figures. There is perhaps no better test of the colorist than the excellence better test of the colorist than the excellence of his shadow painting, and on it depends the whole value of color, for without shadow there can be no light—without light no pure color; and this test Baker has proved him-self fully able to be tried by. There is great self fully able to be tried by. There is great breadth and simplicity in the arrangement of the masses, and the whole makes one of the most delectable pictures we have seen in a long time, poetic in its conception, artistic in its treatment and entirely unaffected, which is in these days a precious quality. When is in these days a precious quality. When half of our artists run mad with Couture and the charlatans of the European schools, we cannot value too highly the feeling that preserves its own originality and purity.

Huntington has contributed a Scripture

composition, "Tribute Money," No. 409. It is not the choice of subject that makes Christian art, but the representation through humanity of the great attributes of the religious mind. The truly religious artists of the olden time were accustomed to approach their subject with veneration and the utmost earnestness, laying aside thought of them-selves in consideration of its dignity, so that whatever pertained to it became sacred and not to be touched carelessly or for the display of themselves. Gold and jewels were inconsistent with the simplicity of the disciple as the Master, but of more valuable thought and labor they gave the utmost to the garments in which they clad him; no labor was to them thrown away which added to his honor—they would have given, in the true spirit of love, their very lives, even in the adorning of his image; so that all they painted they strove to make excellent, it was the choicest treasure of their art, even the flowers of the wayside they labored to per-fect because they were to be the ornaments to that image; but our artist cannot spare time to paint his Christ a good garment, but clothes him in wretched, flimsy vesture, the preparation of which cost him as little time and thought as possible. This it may be said is a non-essential; but the earnest artist considers nothing which is necessary to his subject as unworthy of his thought; and Mr. H. might have painted good drapery if he could not a good Christ. We would like to know if this head of Christ is in accordance with the artist's conception of the great Teacher, the man of grief, of wisdom, and of love. early artists used to select their highest ideal of humanity and ennobled it by the expression of the attributes of Deity; but we will engage to find half a dozen men in a walk down Broadway who, painted faithfully, will re-present Christ better than this head does. It is useless to examine the picture farther, but we can assure Mr. H. that he does injus-tice to himself and his country by such trifling. We wish Mrs. Spencer could be persuaded

to spend her time and talents on something more worthy than grinning "niggers" or druling, disgusting, naked babies; still we would rather see her painting such subjects than murdering Shakspeare. If she loves them she ought to paint them; but it does seem that there are fairer and more attrac-

tive subjects in her reach.

No. 176, a pretended Landseer, looks to our eye as palpable a forgery as was ever sent across the Atlantic, probably a specimen of the impositions practiced on our citizens who buy foreign pictures. The dogs are undoubt-edly copied from one of his pictures, but there is nothing else that bears the remotest resemblance to his work; and the age of his "daughter," the pretended original of the figure, precludes its being an early work. Something the same of the "Herring," No. 441, except that it is a grosser affair.

There is a good deal of animal painting in the abilities of which the best are Hove's

the exhibition, of which the best are Hays's dogs. There are good action and feeling in Terry's "Up Hill" and "Down Hill," but it is a pity that so considerable a talent should be thrown away for want of hard study.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN.

HARPER'S Library Edition of the Waverley Novels, richly illustrated, in twenty-five vol-umes, small 8vo.—Harper & Brothers are about

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Messrs. Capy & Burgess have just published a system of practical book-keeping to be taught in schools. A small 12mo. volume, a key to it, and some half dozen copy books of forms, give a clear and full understanding of a subject as necessary to be studied by the young of this nation of traders as "the rule of three."

Mr. GEORGE SAVAGE, late of the firm Huntington & Savage, has opened a depot at No. 22 John street, where he conducts the wholesale publication and sale to the trade, teachers, superintendents, &c., of several select series of educational works. Peter Parley's Primer of decardonal works. Feter Parley's Primer of Geography, History, and Geography for Begin-ners, and others of Mr. Goodrich's books. The well-known Mrs. Lincoln Phelps' books for begin-ners, on Chemistry, Philosophy, &c.; and Webb's Normal Primer, Lessons, Readers, among those on his list, are known to be some of the most popular in use.

In press, by P. Brockerr & Co., Hartford, Con., Heroes and Martyrs of the Modern Missionary Enterprise, including an historical review of earlier missions, edited by Tucius E. Smith, with an introduction by Rev. William R. Sprague, D.D. Also, Lectures on the Formation of Character, by Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D.D.

Messra. Phinney & Co., Buffalo, have in press Messrs. Phinney & Co., Bullato, nave in press for publication during the summer, Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand; Louis Napoleon and his Times; Russia, Nicholas and his People; Ethan Allen and his Times; each in 12mo size, with illustrations. They also announce as in prepara-tion what, if well carried out, will prove a good idea and a successful venture, viz.: a series on the Romantic History of various Nations, of which they already name American, Spanish, Italian, English, and French, as under way. Italian, English, and French, as under way. Messrs. Phinney & Co, it is known, were formerly long at Cooperstown, which place, we may say, was only known by their press, and its being the residence of the late Mr. Cooper. For many years they have been engaged in trading and dispersing through the Western country a Pioneer Literature, made up of reprints of standard authors, popular histories, compilations, &c., which finds its usefulness in that it suits the demand. The sales of editions in incredible numbers, almost, pave the way for improvement in the originality and

calibre of literature for our Western millions; and it does improve every year.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., Boston, may almost be denominated American historical publishers. Taking the census of any of their cata-logues, we find general history, local history, biography, speeches, law cases, law reports, and law treatises, the last (law) as much history as any; for what is it but a record of the vagaries of society, rules for government and judgment, of society, rules for government and judgment, and comments thereupon. The speeches, forensic arguments, and diplomatic papers of Daniel Webster, with a notice of his life and works by Edward Everett, is now ready in 6 vols. large 8vo., with a new portrait, and a sketch of his birth-place, from steel plates. (W. W. Linfield, Esq., 195 Broadway, is their authorized agent for this quarter.) The Life and Works of John Adams, in 10 vols., have already been noticed. Volumes 5 to 10 are in press. Also, in press, to form 3 octayos, are the miscel-Also, in press, to form 3 octavos, are the miscellaneous writings of the Hon. Levi Woodbury. Another 8vo, in press, is the speeches of the Hon. R. C. Winthrop. Greenleaf's Law of Evidence, vol. 3, in press, has long been looked for in this country and in Great Britain. A list sent in enumerates twenty different works, as in press and preparing for publication, the whole making fifty-seven volumes, and all in 8vo. size. Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. publish, in connection with foreign houses, many valuable English works, which they have for sale at greatly reduced prices. A Complete Concordance of Shakspeare, being a verbal index to all the passages in the dramatic works of the poet. By Mrs. Cowden Clarke. New edition. Is expected

Mr. Parkman, author of the "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," &c., is engaged on a new work, illustrative of an important branch of our national history. A Correspondent of the Tribune says:—Mr. Parkman is the son of the Rev. Dr. Parkman, and is destined to occupy the highest place in our historical literature. His reading is vast and well arranged, his industry untiring, his command of language singularly powerful, and his style clear and unaffected. I am sorry to say that, like Augustin Thierry and Mr Prescott, he suffers from the greatest afflic-tion that ever befel a scholar, or indeed any man, that of imperfect vision, so imperfect, indeed, that he has to pursue his valuable studies through the assistance of others. His forthcoming work will be an important addition to our literature, and it is to be hoped that he will engage in our historical works, the publication of which will throw new and brilliant light on American annals.

The Massachusetts Historical Society have in press, to be published in a few weeks, the thirty-first volume of their historical collections.

A proposal for the formation of a Photogra-phical Society has been put forth in London. The object is the advancement of that art, and the modus a library, rooms, meetings, discussions, and publications.

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